

1.^d
JONAS REDUX,
OR
A Divine WARNING-PIECE
Shor from the *FORTROYAL* of
NINIVE,
TO ALL
Cities, Countreys, Kingdoms, and Empires,
to Exhort them to be careful how they do Admit
of the Dominion of *SIN*, within their Respective
Territories, lest they fall into the like danger.

BY
JONAS ANGLICUS.

St. Paul.

Qui stat, videat ne cadat.

Horat.

Mutato nomine, de te —

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun at the West End of
St. Pauls. MDCLXXII.

Printed for James Broom, at the Gun at the West End of
LONDON.

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To the Honourable
Sir Joseph Sheldon Knight,
ALDERMAN,

And in near Election to the
Majoralty of the most Honourable City
of LONDON, and the whole Honourable
Company of DRAPERS.

Most honour'd Sir,

THe many signal Obligations, that I have from my childhood receiv'd, from your most Reverend and Honourable Uncle, his Grace my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, have very much encouraged me; but the great fame of your growing Virtues, hath emboldned me (especially having the honour to be a Draper by descent) to address my Jonas to you: who as he wants little of my Anagram, so I am sure hath been the fore-runner of my Fortunes: In this only I have by Divine Permission exceeded him, that for his three days, I have lain thirty years perfectly in a Whales belly; but I still trust in our most good and gracious God, that as he did him, so he will bring me, to a happy shore, either in this world, or a better. In the mean time, I hope, this glorious City, which hath receiv'd so many fatherly chastisements from the Divine hand, by Sword, Plague, and Fire, will by your noble Precept, and Example, take a fair warning, to sin no more, least a worse thing come upon them. I cannot but hope likewise, my hearty humble service, will prove no less acceptable to this most famous City, of which you are so near the Supreme Government, under the Kings Majesty, whom God long preserve in a most prosperous Reign, for his own glory, the good of this most Honourable City, and the comfort of all us, his poor Subjects, and most particularly of

Most honoured Sir,
Your most obedient, and Affectionate
Humble Servant,
Jonas Anglicus.

CARMEN Heroicum de Propheta
JONA à Balæna deglutito, & **Ninivitarum**
 ad **DEUM** Conversione.

UT latuit Jonas Triduum sub pectore Ceti,
 Utq; Deus Populo fasso peccata pepercit,
 Dicere fert Animus. Tu per quem scilicet unum
 Omnibus Omnipotens parcis, sic Christe gubernas
 Os calamumq; meum, ne quis mihi versus inanis
 Excidat Incauto qui, non tua Numina cantet :
 Nam sine te non est, possum quod scribere quicquam,
 Tu mihi Principium, & Medium, Tu Finis adesto.

Urbs Antiqua fuit, pæne alto vertice tangens
 Sydera, Dives opum, glebaq; uberrima pingui :
 Assyrii coluere viri, quam Fama Minores
 Concelebrasse tulit Nini cum nomine Regis ;
 Hanc rapidus Tigris falicibus irrigat undis,
 Atq; beat largo plenissima Copia Cornu,
 Nilq; deest penitus, rerum quod postulat usus.
 Hæc quàm difficile est, sortem bene ferre secundam !
 Quam virtus & opes non sede morantur in una !
 Dum nihil ergo deest Urbi, dum Rebus abundat
 Omnibus, in Tenebras ruit, atq; oblita Jehovah
 Qui Deus est unus, verusq; Nefanda Deorum
 Numina Filiorum vano veneratur Honore :
 Cumq; sit id primum Crimen, Liquisse Jehovah,
 Crimina sponte sua, mox cætera cuncta sequuntur,
 Virtutesq; fugant misæ ex Menibus Almas.
 Hæc cælum querulae repenti, urbemq; relinquunt,
 Cæcæq; deplorant humana pectora Gentis,
 Quæ fideus opibus, virtutum Redditur Hostis,

A Heroick POEM upon the
 Prophet *JONAS*, who was Swallowed
 by a Whale, and the Conversion of the
NINIVITES to GOD.

HOW *Jonas* lay three days within a Whale,
 By God committed to that moving Jayle,
 And how confessing *Ninive* God spar'd,
 My hand is ready, and my Pen prepar'd.
 Thou blessed Saviour, by whose blood alone
 The world is spar'd from like Destruction,
 So rule my heart, and hand, that not a word
 May fall, but what thy glory may afford:
 For without thee I can to nothing tend,
 Be my beginning, middle, and my end.

An Ancient City stood, with lofty Towers,
 Touching the Stars, and rich in Fruits, and Flowers;
 Held by *Assyrians*, and late Poets sing
 Was so call'd *Ninive*, from *Ninus* King:
 This stately *Tygris* waters all about,
 Blest with a Horn of Plenty all throughout;
 There nothing wanted that did need require,
 Or that the heart of Man could well desire.
 How hard a thing it is to bear such hap!
 Virtue and Wealth sit seldom in one lap.
 Whilst *Ninivites* with all things thus abound,
 Reeling in darkness, and the world went round,
 Forgetting God, who is the only True,
 And giving Idols, what's his only due:
 So leaving God, which is the greatest sin,
 All villany besides doth streight creep in.
 All virtues chas'd out of their City walls,
 Carry complaints to Heaven of their foul falls;
 Bewailing to the madness of Mankind,
 Quick-sighted to all Vice, to Virtue blind:

Veri oblita Dei, peccatisq; oblita fadu.
 At Deus æterni residens super Arce Cæli
 Tempia, suas cernens Natas ex urbe repulsas;
 Protinus horribiles fremitus commotus in iras,
 Et vix abstinuit, terras quin funditus omnes
 Perderet illius Regionis, & igne cremaret,
 Ni miseratus eas clementi corde fuisset:
 Quod semper superat peccantis crimina mundi.
 Ergo vocat Jonam, Vatem quem mittat in Urbem,
 Ut Populis pœnam meritam denunciet, ac si
 Esse Mali pergent, perituras sulphure cunctos,
 Dum lux Dena quater rutila fulget Olympo.
 Ille stupens, dubitansq; Deo parere reusar,
 Ambiguumq; animum, nunc huc nunc dividit illuc.
 Hec quid agam? reputat secum; qua voce furentes
 Compellem populos? quodsi compello, Pericla
 Mille parata mihi, me gens effræna necabit;
 Sin aliqui forsan resipiscunt, hosq; miserius
 Largus ut est venia, Deus band extinxerit omnes,
 Me Plebs deludet, Mendacemq; Improba finget.
 Quin potius quò Fata trahant, retrahantq; repente
 Profugio; Incantus subeam quàm tanta pericla.
 Dixit: & Antiquam trepidus festinat Ioppen,
 Conscenditq; Ratem: Ciliticum subiturus in Oras:
 Vix è conspectu solida Telluris, in Alium
 Venerat, & Nautæ spumas Maris ære ruebant,
 Cum Deus observans illum, stat vertice Cæli,
 Ab Miser, anne putas, inquis, te, evadere nostras
 Posse manus? Homines sequeris? mea jussa recusas?

Forgetting God, and all besmear'd with evil
 Give themselves up to th' Clutches of the Devil.
 But God above sitting 'ith' highest Throne
 Of's Temples there, hearing his Daughters moan;
 Was straight provok'd to a most grievous wrath,
 And scarce abstain'd from thund'ring Ruin forth
 'Gainst all the Neighb'ring parts, and burnt with Fire
 But that his mercy mollifi'd his Ire:
 As that is always greater than the world,
 Though into Millions more Transgressions hurl'd;
 Therefore he calls good *Jonas*, him to send,
 And bid them all their manners for to mend,
 Or to denounce this Doom, if they go on
 They should be all in Conflagration gon.
 Fire and Brimstone should be sent from Heaven,
 Ere' the Suns course was finish'd six times seven.
 Th' Amaz'd and doubting Prophet doth refuse,
 So daring Gods own dictate to abuse.
 But he's recall'd again, and changeth mind
 So oft as Sails are alter'd by the wind.
 What shall I do? so he begins his moan,
 But straight his voice was strangled with a groan.
 Yet he proceeds, How shall I dare come near
 A people without grace, or wit, or fear?
 If I go on, those Villains are so rude
 I shall be murther'd by the multitude;
 But if they shall repent, and pardon merit,
 As God's most gracious, and forgiving Spirit;
 Or shall not execute his Fury full,
 Then will they scoff, and kill me for a Gull.
 No, I will rather go in spite of Fate,
 Into the Sea, than to that City Gate.
 So said, he hastens to th' Seas nearest Dore,
 And mounts a Ship, bound for *Cilician* shore:
 Scarce was he got clear out of sight of Land,
 And Mariners did to their office stand,
 But the All-seeing God observing this,
 From Heavens heighth, as all things done amiss.
 Ah witlefs wretch d' ye think ye ever can
 Escape my hands, by a Retreat to Man?

Dum fugis heu Scyllam, tibi mors erit ecce Charybdin.
 Talia dum tacito secum Deus ore volutat,
 Terribiles ventos, Tempestatesq; sonoras
 Convocat, & subito Tonitru cælum excitat omne.
 Luctantur Zephyrusq; Austerg; & veltus Eois
 Euris equis, mugit Pelagus, micat ignibus æther
 Consciis, involvit Tenebris pluvie Oceanum nox,
 Præsentumq; necem ante oculos sibi quisq; videbat;
 Cuncta vel in solo coeunt elementa profundo
 Atq; Chaos certum, mox omnia juncta minantur.
 Horrent Attoniti, palmasq; ad sydera tendunt,
 Continuo Nautis gelidus pavor occupat Artus,
 Navis & ut levior fiat, tum plurima vasa
 Ejiciunt, laxantq; foros, nihilominus undis
 Turbida cessat Hyems, iterumq; iterumq; relucet
 Fulgura Fulminibus commixta, nec amplius ulla
 Aut Terre apparent, aut Cælum, aut Pontus, & Aer.
 Ambigni vasto jaclantur gurgite passim,
 Incerti quo Fata ferant; ubi nulla salutis
 Spes aderat, tandem decernunt mittere sortem,
 Tantorum ex ipsis, si quis sit causa Malorum.
 Ecce autem dum sic ductis stat sortibus urna,
 Sors Jonam tangit; culpam mox ille fatetur,
 Sumq; ait Hebraeus, propter me talia fiunt,

Opposing to my Pretcepts, *Scylla* fly
 And fall upon *Charybdis*, and so dy?
 This whilst th' Almighty ponder'd in his mind,
 The Seas were rais'd with a Tempestuous wind,
 Which God did call to make the Prophet quake,
 Whilst with that storm the very earth did shake.
 The Air and Water meets, yet you'd think under,
 Was th' only Seat, and Region of Thunder!
 There West and South are at a furious strife,
 Which shall be soonest Master of his life:
 Nay *ENTUS* with his Oriental Steeds,
 Doth puff and blow, whilst the poor Seaman bleeds:
 The bellowing waves do give a dismal note,
 Like *Io* with her metamorphos'd throat.
 The knowing sky was with its Lightning light,
 Whilst guilty Seas were all involv'd in night.
 There death's presented to each mortal eye,
 Which they look on, and pray, but cannot fly.
 Nay, what the dismall'st horror represents,
 There's sad confusion of all Elements,
 And a most certain Chaos doth appear,
 Fire, Earth and Air, dwell all with Water there.
 Now you must think though hot at work, cold Fear
 Possess each limb, and Artery that was there.
 Yet that their Ship more lightly pass those waves,
 They throw their wealth into those wat'ry graves:
 But Seas not fated with that Sacrifice,
 Swell higher yet, nay higher, higher rise.
 Now Thunder mixt with Lightning, doth conspire,
 To make Earth look like Air, and Sea like Fire.
 So were they tofs'd in that outrageous Gulf,
 That all aboard thought they held th' ears of a Wolf.
 Thus turmoild with th' uncertainty of Fate,
 No-hopes appear the Tempest should abate;
 So they determine to be try'd by Lot
 Who are the truly Innocent, who not.
 The Lots being cast, *Jonas* is found the man
 In Gods disfavour, deny't if he can:
 No, he confesseth fairly, I'me a Jew,
 And for my sake great God doth thus pursue;

Me propter qui nempe Dei mandata recusa,
 Cui Mare, cui Tellus, cui ali sidera parent:
 Projicite in fluctum, & Pelago me immergite vasso,
 Cessabit Pelagus, maris ira tumorque quiescescit,
 Mirantur Nauta, quis stupent, paulumque morantur,
 An sine morte viri, fortasse quiescere fluctum
 Inciperent, sed nulla quies, impro nulla frementia
 Est salis; ergo, suos Divos tamen ante precati,
 In mare præcipitem puppi (miserabile) ab alta
 Deturbant. Natus ecce miser, fluctusque filescunt
 Continuo, & placidi substernunt æquora venti.
 At Pater Æthereus facit ut Balena propinquet,
 Ejectumque virum Pelagoque patiente Natantem
 Excipiat veniens, ventrisque voragine condat.
 Tum vero Jovis veris circumstantia horror,
 Obstupet, ac placidus quasi mortuus, obdormit Alvo
 Balena ingemuit; ut tandem vix reddita mens est;
 Sic corde ingemuitas, ventrique immurmurat imo:
 Summe Deus, qui cuncta creas, servasque creatas,
 En Miser hic jacco, velut ante per Astra sepulchri.
 (conditus, in medio præsentia limine maris.
 Que mihi spes sperare est ullius certa salutis?
 Sed tamen una salus à te sperare salutem.
 Tu miserere bonus miseri, precata facientis
 Nec precor irato damnatum projice vulva:
 Eripe sed dabo: Piscis ventre, & dema ab undis,
 Salvum ut ex illo iterum tua Tempora revivam:
 Tum primis hic Cetus, succedetque natabit,
 Quom tua tanta mea habentem pectore salta.
 Annuit his votis Deus, exaudiat vocantem.
 Est cum Lux rosta jam, tertio, luce rediret,

'Tis for my sake, who lately disobey'd
 Him who has always Earth, Seas, and Heavens sway'd:
 Cast me into these waves, and streight the Main
 Will be appeas'd, and you at rest again.
 The Mariners amazed stand and stay,
 Hoping the storm may cease another way;
 And so to save the man, but yet no peace,
 Nor fury of the angry billows cease.
 Then having each one pray'd unto his God
 That he'd abate the sharpness of his rod,
 They throw poor *Jonas* o'er the highest Board
 To see if's death their safety would afford:
 There the wretch swims, and storms are straitway kind,
 As if the Sea had made the winds afraid.
 But the great God of Heaven caus'd a Whale
 To come and take him into's living Jayl.
 The horror that then seiz'd poor *Jonas* heart,
 Is not to be express'd in any part;
 And bury'd thus alive, he doth complain,
 Though yet he's scarce come to himself again:
 His heart doth humbly yet to God address,
 I'th' bottom of that swimming Wilderness
 Almighty God who hast created all,
 And keep'st all things created lest they fall,
 Behold me miserable Sinner here
 As buri'd in a living Sepulchre;
 So in the middle place of present death,
 What hopes have I of any future breath?
 But now my hopes are thou wilt safety bring,
 When I've no hopes in any mortal thing.
 Be merciful to him that doth confess,
 Cast not thy Servant into wretchedness;
 Let not this fishes belly and the waves
 Be turn'd into my Dungeon, or my Graves.
 Deliver me, O Lord, from this dark Den,
 That I may see thy Temples among'st men.
 Then shall this fish swim sooner upon land
 Than I will disobey thy just command.
 Thus gracious God was pleas'd to hear him pray
 In his quick Sepulchre, and the third day

Hunc Balena Dei jussu, in solidam evomit oram,
 Vera loquitur, nec ficta fides, Gens Ethnica quanquam
 Rideat hæc, atq; hinc exiet quoq; fabula mendax,
 Sit quondam ut velus tergo Delphinis Arion.
 Namq; hominum ratio, quæ non capit, omnia ridet,
 Et non vera putat, sed pagina sacra legenti;
 Esse ea quæ dixi vera ac, certissima, monstrat;
 Quandoquidem Christi Typus hæc et Imago fuerunt;
 Nam veluti triduum Ceteri ille, in ventre latebat,
 Funera sic Christus passus; Tumuloq; quiescens,
 Tertia Lux postquam rediit, rediit in Auræ
 Ipse simul rediit, de victo victor Averno;
 Sed respiravit postquam, viresq; recepit
 Raptus Amibhades immensa è fluctibus undæ,
 Summus eum, ad populum rursus jubet ire Jehovah,
 Totius Interitum errantis nunciet Urbis;
 Jussa facit lætus, primi memor ille periculi;
 O Miseri, exclamat, gens ò demersa nefandis
 Criminibus, gens exitio Vicina futuro,
 Audite, & memori mea dicta recondite mente:
 Horrendos Ausus vestros atq; Impia facta
 Conspexit Deus, ille Deus, qui crimina semper
 Pectore cuncta notat memori, penisq; rependis
 Vindicibus, si non presentibus, attamen olim.
 Æternis, quæ sunt vobis sine fine parata;
 Ille igitur vestra ob peccata exarsit in irâ,
 Tantas, ut cum jam decies lucæ quarta resurgeret,
 Perdere cuncta vellet, quæ tota urbs continet, igni.
 Hæc ubi dicta dedit vates, Timor anxius omnes
 Cepit, & auditis Verbis tam tristibus, Urbem.

Horrida

Th' obedient Whale did straight by Gods command
 Cast the converted Prophet on dry land.
 This is all truth I speak, though Heathen wits
 Have laugh'd at this, with other holy Writs;
 And so have thrust amongst the fabulous pack,
 A false *Arion* on the Dolphins back.
 So in mans reason what's not to command
 They jeer, because they cannot understand;
 Nor will believe at all, though Sacred Writ
 Do certifie at large the truth of it.
 Nay, though it be the Figure of our Christ,
 Yet they do what they can to have it his'd.
 For as he lay three days within a Whale,
 So past the Son of Man through Earths black Jayl;
 From whence returning Conqueror to the World,
 Hell and the Grave he to confusion hurl'd.
 So when our Prophet was again restor'd
 To th' open Air, he the great God ador'd,
 And taught obedience by his so late fall,
 Goes straight to preach their ruine, One and All.
 Bold *Amithaides* now does appear
 Obedient to his God without all fear,
 Remembring his past danger; and cries out,
 You wretched people, that are drown'd throughout,
 In Seas of sins, and near a future fire,
 Hear what I say, and so avoid Gods Ire.
 Your horrid words, and your more impious deeds,
 For which, though yours do not, my poor heart bleeds,
 God hath beheld, that God who always pays
 Offenders, and in equal ballance weighs.
 So if he punish not with present pain,
 Eternal torments sinners shall remain;
 Which are prepar'd for you without all end,
 Unless you shall your selves and manners mend.
 He therefore is so angry for your sins,
 By that the fortieth day from hence begins,
 All shall be surely by sad Fire destroy'd,
 Unless his wrath by Pennance you avoid.
 This when the Prophet spoke, an anxious fear
 Struck every person that his words did hear,

Horrida continuo per totam fama vagatur,
 Advenisse diem fati quo cuncta perirent.
 Omnia Mœstiriâ querulâ, miseroq; tumultu
 Implentur, penitusq; omnes plangoribus ædes
 Lucisificis ululant? Cæli ferit ardura Fleur.
 Rex ipse, invitas Rumi cum venit ad Aures,
 Descendit Solio Regali, & veste Cilissâ
 Indutus, Capitis cineres in Vertice spargit,
 Ac toti populo jejunia mandat, ut omnes
 Suppliciter tristes, Sacci velamine cincti,
 Numina tanta, Deitanti, de corde precentur,
 Instantesq; minas irasq; avertere sentent.

Audis Omnipotens voces, gemitusq; vocantum,
 Præbuit ac veniam votis, irasq; remisit.

Ut Mandata Dei Jonas peragenda peregit,
 Manibus egressus miseris procul urbe resedit,
 Et sibi quæ solem arcerent umbracula paravit,
 Sub quibus expectans tandem spectare volebat
 Quid fieret, cui dira Deus decreverat, Urbi.
 Ast ubi quæ fuerat merita urbs Infanda malorum
 Penitusse Deum sentit, penasq; remissas,
 Indolet, & plorans luctu cor torquet inani;
 Vel quia jure putat plecti debere Scestos,
 Vel quia, ne mendax habeatur sorte, veretur.

Ergo mori mavult, tali quam vivere pacto.
 Tempora purpurei finem jam veris habebant,
 Et vebemens æstu donis Cerealibus æstas
 Gaudebat, calidâq; urebat Syrius agros,
 Perq; agros una Jonan; qui frigora captans

Umbrarum;

And a sad Horror seiz'd on all the Town;
 The Swordmen well as those that wore the Gown,
 That now the day was come when all should fall
 By Fire from Heaven, in Pile Funeral.
 All places now were fill'd with sad complaint,
 And he before was Devil now turns Saint.
 All Quarters now were fill'd with grievous cries,
 And sighs of sinners pierc'd the very skies.
 The King who thought he did command the Globe,
 Descends from Princely Throne, and Royal Robe,
 And clad with Hair-cloth next his tender skin,
 With Ashes on that head, a Crown was in;
 Commands a Fast through all his People too,
 And taught by his example what to do.
 So in Procession, and with one accord,
 They humbly go about and seek the Lord.
 And pray his Mercy to avert the pain
 His Justice threatens, they'd deserv'd again.
 Th Almighty heard their cries and grievous groans;
 And so was pleas'd too with their sad moans,
 That he remitted all their sins, so loth
 Is God to vengeance, and to shew his wrath.
 As *Jonas* had performed Gods command,
 Gets from the City far on a high land;
 And to keep off the Sun, prepares a shade,
 Desirous for to see the end God made
 With that rebellious and most sinful City,
 Which had not yet deserv'd his Prayers, nor pity.
 But when he found God did himself repent,
 And from's intended punishment relent;
 He grieves as much the clean contrary way,
 To find from God his angry Plagues delay.
 Either for that he thought they ought to die
 As wicked men, or that he seem'd to lie:
 Therefore he chooseth to embrace his death
 Rather than length of adishonour'd breath.
 Now was it neer the end of purple Spring,
 And *Ceres* gan her Summer gifts to bring;
 Now raging *Syrins* burnt the foaming fields,
 And the poor Prophet to his fury yields.

Umbrarum, reperire nequit: cum Calius æstum
 Huic fugat Omnipotens, hederamq; repente virantem
 Procreat: hæc serpens toti sua brachia Jone
 Circum laxa dedit, summasq; secuta per Auras
 Edidit umbriferum quo delitet ille Cubiculum.
 Hinc subeunt pectus Jone nova gaudia læti.
 Sed quam parva nimis, quam parvo tempore durant
 Gaudia? dum fruticem semper putat ille futurum,
 Ecce volente Deo, cum jam nox altera adesset,
 Vermis adest, hederamq; arrodit iniqua comantem.
 Illa cadit, penitusq; aret; tum Gaudia Jone
 Diffuginunt, iterumq; novas mox ardet in iras.
 Id Deus afficiens, horum ceu conscius Autor,
 Num tibi, Amisbaide, tantos, ait, herba dolores
 Arida facta parit, quam nox dedit una vigentem,
 Altera languentem subito exarescere vidit?
 Cur ego non parcam huic urbi, quæ Manibus amplis
 Terrigenas tot habet, quot haud vix gramina campi,
 Qui cuncti ignorant curvum discernere recto?
 Non ego prava probo, vehemens sed turpia plecto.
 At qui me veniam votis ex Corde precantur
 Supplicibus, faciles illis placidissimus Aures
 Præbeo, nec culpæ memini, penasq; remitto.
 O & Londinum sis Ninivæ Secunda
 Ter felix Niobe, Lachrymæ vel Nobile Saxum.
 Dixit, & ut dixit populo fecitq; priori,
 Sic nobis etiam dicitq; facitq; benignus.

Ilum

For now he can no longer find the shade,
 Which he well hop'd his hands had surely made:
 So the divine indignation from above
 Chafeth the heat, and plants him in a Grove
 Of green and growing Ivy, which imbrac'd
 His shaded limbs, as by it they'd been lac'd:
 So starting up aloft unto the Sky,
 Gave a delightful shade for him to ly.
 Here *Jonas* joys do strait begin again,
 And hopes he shall be quit now of all pain.
 But see how little are, and how unsure
 The pleasures that all mortals can procure!
 Whilst *Jonas* thought himself secure i' th' shade
 Which by Gods will one single night had made:
 Behold God willing now, another night
 A Worm destroys it and its umbrage quite:
 It withers straight, and falls, so *Jonas* joys
 Are fled, and pleasures turn'd to sharppain.
 So he grows angry, but Almighty God
 Knowing himself the Author of that Rod.
 Why *Jonas* saith he, doth that give thee grief
 To see that dry'd which gave before relief,
 And that which only one night kindly gave,
 Another dry and lengthning would have?
 Why should not I then *Niobe* compare
 In which so many Souls of Mortals are,
 And holds so many in its spacious walls,
 As the fields grass, Trees leaves before their falls;
 Who all don't know yet what is wrong from right:
 I love the simply good, but punish spite.
 But they who with an humble heart do crave
 My gracious pardon, their remission have;
 I always yield to Sinners gracious ears,
 By hearty sorrows they avoid all fears
 Of my displeasure, and from Heavens high vaults
 Drops an Indulgence for all humane faults.
 So *London* like great *Niobe* appears,
 Thrice happy *Niobe* turn'd stone with tears.
 He said, and so he did, and as to them,
 So he's to us unwilling to condemn;

Iam ergo, ex animo, mecum, sic quilibet oret :
 Omnipotens, Eternus Deus, qui cuncta creasti,
 Nos quoque, cum vitio Urbs hæc immersa nefanda,
 Crimina Criminibus semper cumulando meremur
 Nil nisi perpetuas iras Phlegetontis, & ignes
 Aeternos. Quis enim celestia Numina curat
 Quis sincera colit divini dogmata verbi
 Vana Superstitio, Frondes, scelerata Libido,
 Turpis Avarities, cumq; Ambitione Tyrannis
 Constituere sibi Regnum, virtute repulsi,
 Quæ misere è Terra fugis procul omnibus oris;
 Heu fugit procul illa accusatura scelesti
 Indigenas exor mundi. Respicite, clamat,
 O Miseri, respicite animi O Anglia cecis,
 At tu, summe Deus, qui nil nisi parere nosti
 Ac nisi corde rogent veniam, tunc perdere tandem
 Nos quoque qui veniam te supplice voce rogamus,
 Refice placatis oculis, penasq; remitte,
 Quas meriti fuimus, tunc quasq; meremur in boras
 Vincere da Sathanam, propriam da vitæ certem
 Nostraq; mitte tuum sanctum in præcedit placem;
 Qui Peccaturos moneas, moveatq; peccatorum
 Languentes animos, dum quæ Meliora decet
 Non faciunt stolidi, sed Deteriora sequuntur.
 Sic Tua, sic Nati sic sancti Numina Flatus,
 Non intermissis celebrabunt Laudibus omnes.

Laus Christo Trino & Uni Deo.

Therefore let us, who' of's glory careful are,
 Approach his Sacred Presence with this Prayer.
 Almighty and great God, who mad'st us all,
 Make us t' avoid that City's sins and fall.
 And though we do by heaping Crimes on Crimes,
 Deserve thy wrath shew'd in the worst of Times,
 Nay all the *Pblegetons* and *Stygian* Fire,
 Which thou'st prepar'd for Sinners in thine Ire.
 For who doth worship right thy holy Name?
 Who keep's thy Word and Will with divine Flame?
 Vain Superstition, Frauds and wicked Lust
 With dirty Avarice, Ambition must
 Reign or'e our Members, Virtues being suppress'd,
 Or fled to Heaven there to take their rest.
 Oh they are fled away t' accuse us there
 Of our ungrateful sins, and follies here;
 So they cry down to us, Sinners repent,
 And God from's Indignation will relent.
 But thou, Great God, who know'st best how to spare,
 And only chastest who obdurate are;
 Us also who with suppliant voice require
 Thy Grace, look on with pleas'd eyes and pleas'd Ire.
 Remit the punishments we have deserv'd,
 By following Satan, and our flesh so serv'd.
 Send down thy Holy Spirit to our hearts,
 Which may convert us Sinners in all parts.
 In flame our Souls to follow better things
 Than those which shew much Honey, but leave Stings.
 So Thine, Thy Sons, and Holy Spirits breath,
 Wee'l glorifie with Prayers until death.

Laud Christo Trino & Uni Deo.